The Text

Vol. IV — LOWELL TEXTILE SCHOOL, DECEMBER 12, 1921 — No. 5

Sophomore Quintet

Wins First Interclass Basket Ball Game.

SOPHS 17—FRESHMEN 4

On Friday evening, December 2nd, the Freshmen and Sophomores met on the basket ball floor to decide the first game of the interclass series. After the defeat the Freshies received on the foot-ball field at the hands of the Sophs a stiff battle was expected. According to all reports the First Year men were out for a scalp, but all that they got was a scalping.

Most of the scoring was done in the first half. The game was carried to the Freshmen most of the time, and the Sophs managed to get twelve points in the half while the Freshmen had to be satisfied with the two points scored by McKinstry. There were a good many substitutions in this half for the fellows were not in the best condition and there were frequent S. O. S. signals to the side lines.

The scoring was more even in the second half. The Freshies succeeded in shooting two fouls giving them two points and then held the Sophs to two baskets and one foul, for a total of five. The final score, 17 to 4, showed that the Second Year men were there with the stuff, but the Freshmen must be given credit for their brave attempt to wipe out the foot-ball defeat.

Mr. Cushing was seen on the side lines looking over material for his varsity squad which begins practice on December 5th. Captain Harmon, McKinstry, and Bartlett showed up well for the Freshmen, while Captain Hart and McGovern played a good game for the winners. It is to be hoped that a good number from both teams will be out for the varsity practice Monday.

The summary:

SOPHOMORES	FRESHMEN
McGovern, Dunnican, lf	rg, (Capt.) Harmon
Donovan, Hardie, rf	lg, Lothrop, Thomas
Hart, c	c, Thurston
Flagg, rg	lf, LaGasse, Bartlett
McKinley, lg	rf, McKinstry

Goals from floor, McGovern 3, Donovan, Hart, McKinley, Hardie, McKinstry. Goals from fouls, Harmon 2, Flagg.

Referee, Lombard.

Timekeeper, Macher.

Scorer, Nary.

WALTER WHEATON

EVERETTE STEELE

Billeted At The Colonial Theatre

Who ?

The Tex Show

When ?

February 21, 1922

Billeted, a comedy in three acts by Jesse and Harwood, is to be the Tex Show for 1922. The Colonial Theatre on Middlesex Street has been secured and a real Textile performance is assured.

Boys, wouldn't it be "a grand and glorious feelin'" to make $500 on the play this year? We can do it, but it is up to YOU. Let me enumerate a few ways in which you can do your bit:

First, Try out for the cast. The cast this year will consist of nine members,—four males and five females. When the call for the tryout comes—BE THERE.

Second, If you can draw, make posters for advertising purposes.

Third, Sell tickets. Each man who has the TRUE TEXTILE SPIRIT will sell at least five dollars' worth of tickets.

Fourth, Stand ready to do any thing that the committee may ask of you.

THEN the SHOW WILL BE a SUCCESS.

The play is under the management of Joseph A. Webster, Student Manager. James Guthrie Dow, Faculty Manager. Everette V. Steele is Stage Manager and Wm. O. Partridge, Jr., will again be the coach.

There are a number of assistant managerships to be filled. If you are interested speak to Mr. Steele or Mr. Dow at once.

Freshman News

Next Friday evening, December 16, the freshmen class will hold a social and dance for the benefit of the athletic association. The athletic association, which has been financially crippled from the expenses, incurred during the foot-ball season, must not be compelled to bear this burden alone. Everyone is working hard, but without the co-operation of the upper classmen, this affair can not be a success. Although the spirit of the students, living here in the city is very low, there should not be one, no matter where he lives, who should not attend this coming party. A little inconvenience on the part of the commuters, together with the support of the school, will help to rebuild the athletic association to its former standing. Let us get together and make this a success.

What change have you noticed on the old canal wall? The bold 24, which for the past few months, greeted the eyes of the freshmen, has been changed to the tally 25.

Football T Men

Barrett, A. E.
Bird, C. H.
Brigham, H. M.
Farwell, R. B.
Feindel, G. P.
Flagg, J. T.
Gossetrey, J. T.
Hart, H.
Hubbard, H. H. (Manager)
Lombard, C. J.
Macher, H.
Marble, R. L.
Olson, C. O.
Perlmuter, B. H.
Schneider, J. J.
Schwarz, H. L.
Smith, F. K.
Villa, W. H.
Walker, Ray (Captain)

Cacklings from the "Coop"

Christmas Suggestions

Christmas Cards with School Seals ..... 2 for .25
Bronze School Seals $5.00
Moccasins $4.00, 3.75 3.0 3.25
Gold and Silver Rings and Pins. School and Fraternity Stationery.
Kwi-Packs, Students Bags, Brief Cases.

Textile Engineering Society Notes

At a meeting of the Executive Council held December 2, 1921, the following committee was approved to arrange trips for the Engineering Society.

Ralph Hillman, Chairman
Burnett Valentine
Leon Davieau
Robert Rollins

John L. Stevens, well known engineer, will address the Society on December 15. His subject will be the "Super Power Station. For the January meeting Mr. Ralph Forsaith from the Appleton Manufacturing Co. has been secured to speak.

Three delegates left Tuesday evening to represent the Lowell Textile Branch of the A. S. M. E. at the Annual Meeting being held in New York. The delegation, consisting of R. Rollins, and Clasby will spend the remainder of the week at the convention.

School Notes

The choice of Howard Bonner, '24, for assistant football manager for 1923 was ratified by the executive council at its last meeting.

According to all indications the Christmas dance will be the best yet. It's up to the upper classmen to help the freshmen make a success of it.

On Tuesday, December 6th "Joe" Webster of the class of 1923 was operated upon for appendicitis. He is reported to be convalescing and hopes to be back with us again after the Christmas recess.

Don't fail to patronize the Seniors when you need candy, peanuts or cigarettes.

TEXTILE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Textile Christian Association is making plans to work in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A. to give another Textile night at the "Y" soon after the Xmas vacation. Everyone remembers the great time had by all last year and another good time is promised.

After the Christmas vacation the Association will start a series of lectures by outside men on subjects which will be interesting to the students.

At the meeting of the Executive Council Monday evening, December 5, George W. Marshall was voted a baseball "T" in recognition of his services as manager in arranging last year's baseball schedule and in view of the fact that he was catcher on the L. T. S. baseball team his freshmen year.

The Bear Hunt

We were out on a bear-hunting expedition. My comrade had shot at a bear, but only gave him a flesh-wound. There were traces of blood on the snow, but the bear had got away.

We all collected in a group in the forest, to decide whether we ought to go after the bear at once, or wait two or three days till he should settle down again. We asked the peasant bear-drivers whether it would be possible to get round the bear that day.

"No. It's impossible," said an old bear driver. "You must let the bear quiet down. In five days' time it will be possible to surround him; but if you follow him now, you would only frighten him away, and he would not settle down."

But a young bear-driver began disporting with the old man, saying that it was quite possible to get round the bear now.

"On such snow as this," said he, "he won't go far, for he is a fat bear. He will settle down before evening; or, if not, I can overtake him on snow-shoes."

The comrade I was with was against following up the bear, and advised waiting. But I said:

"We need not argue. You do as you like, but I will follow up the track with Damian. If we get round the bear, all [illegible] still early, and there is nothing else for us to do today."

So it was arranged.

The others went back to the sledges, and returned to the village. Damian and I took some bread, and remained behind in the forest.

When they had all left us, Damian and I examined our guns, and after tucking the skirts of our warm coats into our belts, we started off, following the bear's tracks.

The weather was fine, frosty and calm; but it was hard work snow-shoeing. The snow was deep and soft; it had not caked together at all in the forest, and fresh snow had fallen the day before, so that our snow-shoes sank six inches deep in the snow, and sometimes more.

The bear's tracks were visible from a distance, and we could see how he had been going; sometimes sinking in up to his belly and ploughing up the snow as he went. At first, while under large trees, we kept in sight of his track; but when it turned into a thicket of small firs, Damian stopped.

"We must leave the trail now," said he. "He has probably settled somewhere here. You can see by the snow that he has been squatting down. Let us leave the track and go round; but we must go quietly. Don't shout or cough, or we shall frighten him away."

Leaving the track, therefore, we turned off to the left. But when we had gone about five hundred paces, there were the bear's traces again right before us. We followed them, and they brought us out on to the road. There we stopped, examining the road to see which way the bear had gone. Here and there in the snow were prints of the bear's paw, claws and all, and here and there the marks of a peasant's bark shoes. The bear had evidently gone towards the village.

As we followed the road, Damian said: "It's no use watching the road now. We shall see where he has turned off, to right or left, by the marks in the soft snow at the side. He must have turned

(Continued to Page 2)

Christmas Party

For Benefit of A. A.

Auspices of

1925

December 16, 1921

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"BILLETED"
On
December 19, 1921
At
7 O'Clock
SOUTHWICK HALL

The Text

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NOTICE

All material handed in to this paper must be written upon one side of the paper only.

EDITORIAL

To one coming to Textile for the first time, the social life, although not forgotten seems rather limited. In most schools and colleges this part of the school life plays a very important part. It is said that the students are not interested in social affairs. This is obviously a wrong impression. The reason for the lack of interest on the part of the students is, that there is not enough socia life for them to become interested in it. Therefore, they allow what there is to pass along unnoticed.

The remedy for the present condition would, with a little work, be very simple. Our simple way of getting the fellows together is to have occasional smokers, either for one class, or for the school as a whole. At these gatherings various programs might be given, including musical selections, short speeches by members of the student body or of the faculty

These smokers would serve the purpose of creating good feeling beth between the students and the classes.

School dances would also increase the interest in social life. These dances could be given by the various clarses, much more freqently than those held at present, and should be held for Textile men and their friends only. Along the line of dances should come the suggestion that dances be held after every basketball game during the winter. If conducted in the right way, these dances would increase the attendance at the games, thus aiding financially.

Another suggestion might be for informal receptions or banquets, at the end of each term. These could be given by one class for another, or for the faculty.

There are numerous other ways of increasing the social life, but the method is not the important point. It is that something he done which will increase the interest of everyone who attends Textile. Of course, to carry out any ferm of entertainment, the support of every individual is necessary, and this measures to a extent the success of the enterprise.

The value of social life to an institution is not difficult to appreciate. In the first place socials provide good recreation, and entertainment for all. Secondly, they create good feeling among the men, lastly, but without a doubt the most important value, they keep the interest of the student body, and increase the "pep" and spirit in "Textile".

Another Freshman

THE MORE YOU DO

Did you ever notice, the more you do
The more you are fit to try?
And the harder a fellow climbs a hill,
The easier he goes high?
The harder the job, the firmer the jaw
That's set to the task; there grows
A confidence backing the man who tries,
And the farther ahead he goes.

When a job is easy, one falls asleep—
Is asleep when the game is called;
And the man who *could* run can hardly creep,
When his engine of pick has stalled
But the keener the fight when a man runs right,
The easier things come through . .
And the easiest job when it's finished is that
Which at first was hardest to do.

The more you do, the harder you hit,
The faster you run, old friend, . . .
Just that much easier is your bit
With a victory at its end.
The world is looking for square-jawed men
And not for the fools that shirk . .
We've played long enough with painted toys.
For this is The Age of Work!

—*from the Richmond Times-Dispatch*

The Bear Hunt

(*Continued from Page 1*)

off somewhere; for he won't have gone on to the village.

We went along the road for nearly a mile, and then saw, ahead of us, the bear's track turning off the road. We examined it. How strange! It was a bear's track right enough, only not going from the road into the forest, but from the forest on to the road! The toes were pointing towards the road.

"This must be another bear," I said.

Damian looked at it, and considered a while.

"No," said he. "It's the same one. He's been playing tricks, and walked backwards when he left the road."

We followed the track, and found it really was so! The bear had gone some ten steps backwards, and then, behind a fir tree, had turned round and gone straight ahead. Daman stopped and said:

"Now, were are sure to get round him. There is a marsh ahead of us, and he must have settled down there. Let us go round it."

We began to make our way round, through a fir thicket. I was tired out by this time, and it had become still more difficult to get along. Now I glided on to juniper bushes and caught my snowshoes in them, now a tiny fir tree appeared between my feet, or, from want of practise my snow-shoes slipped off; and now I came upon a stump or a log hidden by the snow. I was getting very tired, and was drenched with perspiration; and I took off my fur cloak. And there was Damian all the time, gliding along as if in a boat, his snow-shoes moving as if of their own accord, never catching against anything, nor slipping off. He even took my fur and slung it over his shoulder, and still kept urging me on.

We went on for two more miles, and came out on the other side of the marsh. I was lagging behind. My snow-shoes kept slipping off, and my feet stumbled. Suddenly Damian, who was ahead of me, stopped and waved his arm. When I came up to him, he bent down, pointing with his hand, and whispered:

"Do you see the magpie chattering above that undergrowth? It seents the bear from afar. That is where he must be."

We turned off and went on for more than another half-mile, and presently we came on to the old track again. We had, therefore, been right round the bear, who was now within the track we had left. We stopped, and I took off my cap and loosened all my clothes. I was as hot as in a steam bath, and as wet as a drowned rat. Damian too was flushed, and wiped his face with his sleeve.

"Well, sir," he said, "we have done our jobs, and now we must have a rest."

The evening glow already showed red through the forest. We took off our snow-shoes and sat down on them, and got some bread and salt out of our bags. First I ate some snow, and then some bread; and the bread tasted so good, that I thought I had never in my life had any like it before. We sat there resting until it begin to grow dusk, and then I asked Damian if it was far to the village.

"Yes," he said. "It must be about eight miles. We will go on there tonight, but now we must rest. Put on your fur coat, sir, or you'll be catching cold."

Damian flattened down the snow, and breaking off some fir branches made a bed of them. We lay down side by side, resting our heads on our arms. I do not remember how I fell asleep. Two hours later I woke up, hearing something crack.

I had slept so soundly that I did not know where I was. I looked around me. How wonderful! I was in some sort of

(*Continued to Page 3*)

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Fraternity Notes

OMICRON PI

Omicron Pi will hold its week-end party tomorrow and Sunday. Tomorrow afternoon will bring its usual bevy of young ladies to the fraternity house, where supper will be served. In the evening, an informal dance will be held at the boat house, to be followed by a midnight lunch at the fraternity house. The gentlemen will then leave the house in charge of the ladies and find temporary lodging elsewhere. Sunday the party will disband.

On Friday evening, December 9th, the Omicron Pi Freshman Smoker was held at the Chapter House. About seventy-five freshmen were present, also President Eames and a number of the professors.

Entertainment was furnished by the "Garden City Trio" of Boston and they were all artists in every sense of the word.

Smokes and eats were plentiful and appropriate souvenirs were given to everyone.

A few words were spoken by President Eames and the fellows lingered until about midnight.

One of the most successful house parties of the season was held during the week end of December 10th and 11th by the Omicron Pi Fraternity. The Vesper Boat House was pleasingly decorated for the informal dance Saturday evening and as usual the Jefferson-Johnson Orchestra of Boston was a peppy one. After the dance a light buffet lunch was served at the Chapter House which was then turned over to the ladies.

After dinner at the house Sunday and a visit to the school, the party broke up in the late afternoon.

The young people were favored with the presence of Mrs. J. M. Washburn and Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Churchill.

Much credit is due the dance committee: "Ham" Brigham, Jim Savery and Luke Atwood.

DELTA KAPPA PHI SMOKER

The nineteenth annual smoker of the Beta Chapter, Delta Kappa Phi Fraternity, was held Wednesday night, December 14th. About forty freshmen were the guests of the evening. A number of the faculty were present including President Eames.

The freshmen were shown thru the house and introduced to the members and alumni present. At 8.30 all assembled in the reception room where E. V. Steele gave a short address of welcome. President Eames was then introduced and he gave a short speech on the value of the fraternities to the Lowell Textile School and the merits of fraternity life to the fellows. Mr. L. E. Davis of the Alpha Chapter, Philadelphia, told in a few words, the desirability of a fraternal bond to the graduates.

A musical set from B. F. Keith's Circuit entertained; at the conclusion of the act Prof. E. H. Barker gave an instructive talk on the languages, English, German and French. Those present thoroughly appreciated his words for they realize that it is necessary to swear fluently in all three tongues in order to hold a job in the present day manufacturing plant.

The fraternity "Crash" orchestra then rendered a few startling selections, after which refreshments were served. The remainder of the evening was given over to card playing and "smokes."

The committee in charge were Mr. R. Brackett, F. W. Sullivan and W. Rivers.

BY-LAWS OF THE INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. The name of this body shall be "The Inter-Fraternity Council of the Lowell Textile School."

SECTION 2. It shall be composed of three members from each fraternity, one of whom shall be the president of the fraternity.

SECTION 3. The object shall be to promote a closer relationship between the various fraternities, to draw up interfraternal agreements, to act as arbitrators in all interfraternal discussions.

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The officers of this council shall consist of a president and secretary.

SECTION 2. The president shall be chosen by succession in the following order: viz Phi Psi, Omicron Pi, Sigma Omega, Psi, Delta Kappa Phi, and he shall be the president of the fraternity which he represents.

SECTION 3. The secretary shall be elected by ballot at the last meeting of the year.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. The meetings shall be held on the first Monday of each month.

SECTION 2. Special meetings may be called by the president.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. At the first meeting of the year there shall be a social committee appointed by the President.

SECTION 2. It shall consist of four members, one from each of the fraternities.

SECTION 3. This committee shall carry out the wishes of the council in all interfraternity social affairs.

The Bear Hunt

(*Continued from page 2*)

gleaming pillars, and when I looked up I saw, through delicate white tracery, a vault, raven black and studded with coloured lights. After a good look, I remembered that we were in the forest, and that what I took for a hall and pillars, were trees covered with snow and hoar-frost, and the coloured lights were stars twinkling between the branches.

Hoar-frost had settled in the night; all the twigs were thick with it. Damian was covered with it, it was on my fur coat, and it dropped down from the trees. I woke Damian; and we put on our snow-shoes and started. It was very quiet in the forest. No sound was heard but that of our snow-shoes pushing through the soft snow; except when now and then a tree, cracked by the frost, made the forest resound. Only once we heard the sound of a living creature. Something rustled close to us, and then rushed away. I felt sure it was the bear, but when we went to the spot whence the sound had come, we found the footmarks of hares, and saw several young aspen trees with their bark gnawed. We had startled some hares while they were feeding.

We came out on the road, and followed it, dragging our snow-shoes behind us. It was easy walking now. Our snow-shoes clattered as they slid behind us from side to side of the hard-trodden road. The snow creaked under our boots, and the cold hoar-frost settled on our faces like down. Seen through the branches, the stars seemed to be running to meet us, now twinkling, now vanishing, as if the whole were on the move.

I found my comrade sleeping, but woke him up, and related how we had got round the bear. After telling our peasant host to collect beaters for the morning, we had supper and lay down to sleep.

I was so tired that I could have slept on till midday, if my comrade had not roused me. I jumped up, and saw that he was already dressed, and busy doing something to his gun.

"Where is Damian?" said I.

"In the forest, long ago. He has already been over the tracks you made, and been back here, and now he has gone to look after the beaters."

I washed and dressed, and loaded my guns; and then we got into a sledge, and started.

The sharp frost still continued. It was quiet, and the sun could not be seen. There was a thick mist above us, and hoar-frost still covered everything.

After driving about two miles along the road, as we came near the forest, we saw a cloud of smoke rising from a hollow, and presently reached a group of peasants, both men and women, armed with cudgels.

We got out and went up to them. The men sat roasting potatoes, and laughing and talking with the women.

Damian was there too; and when we arrived the people got up, and Damian led them away to place them in the circle we had made the day before. They went along in single file, men and women, thirty in all. The snow was so deep that we could only see them from their waists upwards. They turned into the forest, and my friend and I followed in their track.

Though they had trodden a path, walking was difficult; but, on the other hand, it was impossible to fall: it was like walking between two walls of snow.

(*Continued in Next Issue*)

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FROTH

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After the spindles have turned so long in one direction they will reverse backwards.

The object of this machine is its purpose.

The largest gear we can use is a 20, sometimes we use a 21.

Not many mills use this, but most of them do

Icky Bird plasters the wall with pictures of fair Lucy—Lucy is quite a ballet dancer.

Ivory from the human skull has been found unsatisfactory for commercial purposes. Certain freshmen take notice

Flagg with his work scattered all over his desk was reprimanded by Mr. Bachman with the following words, "God help the woman that gets you."

Why is it Newt Hardie wears a crease in his basket-ball pants?

Although it hasn't been known that anyone has received "serious injuries," 'tis reported that MacGowan has been seen frequently near the hospital on Pawtucket Street. Perhaps he has "love pains."

The Senior Engineers wish to formally inquire of A. C. Clifford if "he thinks he'll ever amount to much.

Also Mr. E. J. Bird would be glad to know why Clifford was wearing one of his rubbers around school.

'Tis reported that Abe Kaatze has assumed the role of promoter for a bout for fistic honors between "Big Boy Nelson" and "Colonel" Hodge.

Thurston: "Is it against the law to pickle pears?"

Gilman: "No, but remember that doesn't sicken pears."

Famous Words

"We've got to have money, that's all there is to it."

Mr. Yeaton: "What is down draft in a furnace?"

Jessop: "One that has a fire on both sides of the grate."

Ireland Comes Into Her Own!

"Pewee" MacGowan in Power Plants now suggests the burning of "green" coal.

Oh, her name was Irene
And she wore Crepe de Chene
You could see more Irene
Than you could Crepe de Chene

Herby Ball: "What is density?"

Brown: "I can't define it but I can give an illustration."

Herby Ball: "The illustration is good. Sit down."

Juicy Stuff

Archibald: "How do they get water in a water melon?"

Casper: "They plant the seed in the spring."

Nary: "What's your rush?"

Geller: "I've got a date with the Riker-Jaynes."

Nary: "Well, you'll have to Leggett."

Notice Freshmen

If your muscles are flabby and soft, buy Jack Farrell's new invention called the Wimpus, a great developer.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Fairfax:

We are two young students, our Alma Mater is the Lowell Textile School; we have good prospects and the Lowell girls say we are handsome. Now we have been calling on two Pippins in Boston, no, not cigars, girls, and we are stunned by their attractiveness. Altho we bring them a water melon and some hard candy every week end, we don't seem to have made much headway. What is the trouble.

Sincerely,
R. Loney
E. Moller

Miss Fairfax will give the solution in the next issue

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